

The
Civill VVarrs
Of The
CITY. 13

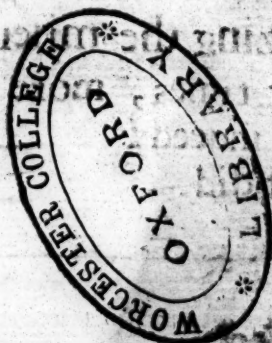
OR,
All the signes in London
up in Armes, blazing the misery
of these present times, more
lively then indeed I
wish it did.

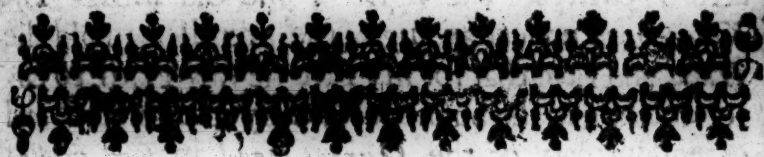


LONDON,
Printed for *Francis Coles* at the halfe bowle
in the old-Bailey. 1645.

The
Civill Valls
Of the
CITY.
OR

All the figures in London





THE CIVILL WARRES OF THE CITIE.

Wat you what :

I'Letell you a tale, and they say tis very true, nere trust me. The signe of the *Popes-head* in *Cornhill*, being something in his wine, fell out with the Bible in *Pauls-Church-yard*; but the signe of the Bible being quick of apprehension, told him in plaine termes, it did more good to soules then e're his Pope-ship did to any body, and that he would hang there, when he and all his popish progeny were hang'd. He receiving this rough, yet righteous answer, went home in great displeasure: Being there, he presently sent for the sign of the *Hand & Pen*, being then chiefe secretary of State, and desired him with all speed to right a Petition to the signe of the *Kings-head* in *Chancery-lane*: The contents whereof, were humbly to beseech his Majestie, for to suppress and

utterly extirpate the signe of the old Bible. The *Kings-head* understanding of the premises, told the *Hand* and *Pen*, that for his part he was loath to enter-meddle in the businesse: yet by the instance and earnest intreaty of the *Queens-head* in *Red-crosse-street*, with a willing unwillingnesse, he refer'd it to *Bishops-head* in *Fleet-street*, and to a Cavalier, sometime covertly couch't in *Crutchet-Fryers*. The *Hand* and *Pen*, returning this same answer to the *Popes-head*: presently he summon'd in a counsell of Caterpillers, and called all the signes in and about *London* to his assistance.

The first signe he summon'd was the divell of Saint *Dunstons*, and he came in with much alacrity to doe him the best service that he could.

The next was the *Angel* nere *Westminster-hall*, but that good sign, calling to remembrance the Gunpowder Treason, would have no hand in any such devilish designe, and so forsooke them.

Then they sent for the sign of the *Black-dog* nere *Newgate*, and he in few words told them, had he heard the noyse sooner he had bark'd, and so consequently was at their service.

Then they sent for the sign of the *Green-dragon* in *Cheap-side*, and he told them he would be for the *Popes-head*, hand over head, were he not kept under by Saint *George*, and so stood out as newter. But because the *Popes-head* would have some mirth as well as all melancholly, he sent for the signe of the *Cat* and
fiddle

side in Lumbardstreet: Gentlemen, (sayes he) I know not what I am cal'd for, but if you please to heare a tale, a fit of musick, or a merry song, I am at your service. He being departed out of the room, not out of world.

They summon'd in the signe of the Phoenix in her flames nere *Chearing-crosse*; but she resolv'd them, her motto was an Embleme of the Churches adversitie, and therefore would have nothing to doe with them.

Then they cal'd in the signe of the Fryer, and desired him to bring the three Nuns at *Algate* with him, he told them for his owne part he was freely at their service, but for three Nuns they stood so neere the Crowne and Church both, he fear'd he should do no good on them.

Then they summon'd in the sign of the *Boares-head*, which when he heard, he left his dinner of roots, drank a cup of beere, wip'd his mouth, and went away without saying of grace.

Then they sent for the signe of the New Corporation, but he sent them word, if the Divell should send for him hee'd not come, unlesse he would pay him well for his pains.

Then they sent for the Blind begger of *Bednall-Greene*, demanding his opinion of the Popes-head, to which he replyed, he saw nothing but that it might hang as well as the *Crosse-keyes*, being more richly guilt and fairer to.

(4)
Then they summon'd in the signe of the Porter, but he seeing things so carried, told them in plaine termes, that hee'd undergoe any thing before he would be subject to ere a Popes-head in all *England*. And his neighbour the Collier, whose conscience was something whiter then his face, declared with much audacitie that he was in the same mind.

Then they cal'd in the Cardinals Hat, and he was up stares before the messenger got downe, and profest ingeniously the Bible he nere lov'd, and if the Queenes-head, the Bishops-head, or any other head pleas'd to command him, hee'd lay downe his life to testifie the same.

Then they thought good to send for the White Beare in *Barbican*, and he sent them word he was bit-ten enough by the dogs of Beare-garden, and that he had no need to be worried by the Popes-head too, & therefore desired to be excus'd till the world mended.

Then they thought it meet to send for the signe of the Thatch'd-house, neere the *Busse*, but he told them, he thought his house would doe them but little good, unlesse it were to keepe illiterate and unlearned people from Gods house: or tis true, his house would serve to keepe the Irish all the Summer on the mountaines, where they should never very hardly thinke upon a Saint, and it might serve to keepe them on the Bogs in Winter, where they should never heare a Priest say Masse, and
Masse

Masse (sayes hee) I thinke that is prettie well.

Then they summon'd in the signe of the Golden Lyon in *Long-lane*, and though it was a long time ere he came, he came at last : venerable and most famous Pope sayes he, I must confesse, my Lyon doth not roare nor keepe so great a noyse as they doe in the Tower, yet if he be a little hungry he wil bite as fore; witnesse the many customers I have cheated in my time. Doth your holinesse lack a Lyon in signe of my love ? he's at your service, and then with a heart like any Lyon he leapt over the table, and sate in state amongst them, to judge of matters to undoe the State.

Then they thought good to call in the Golden-Fleece in *Covent-garden*, and he gave in his answer thus : Gentlemen, (sayes he) though I doe many times entertaine some of your guests, I shoud be loath to beproved a Papist my selfe. Besides, I know not how soone the Popes-head may be hung upon the Pikes-head, where am I then *Ben* ? I am just now a buying of a But of Wine, and am in hope to pay no Excise at all for't. And therefore for the present, I humbly intreat your leave, honour attend your holinesse, my heart-strings is at your shooe-strings, and my life lyes in your lap, with a lift of your finger. And thus hoping you do not conceive I jest in earnest, I take my leave, and rest yours to command, *Moris much evill doe, Macnamarah.*

Then they sent for the signe of the Rose not farre distant from him, and he without dissimulation told them, though he dwelt at the signe of the Rose, he was loath to live among prickells, and so left them.

Then they sent for the signe of the Labour in vaine nere the *Savoy*, yet fearing it would be but labour in vaine, the messenger thought it in vaine to call him, and so forsooke that errand.

Then they thought it meet to summon in the sign of the Naked boy in *Tower-street*, yet fearing he should speake the naked truth they did omit his presence.

Then they sent for the signe of the Drum in Saint *Tuttle-street*, but he in signe of his love, he had rather beat out the Popes brains then his Drum-head; for (sayes he) I am an old souldier, and I know what belongs to what's what.

Then they summon'd in the signe of the Trumpet in *Sheare-lane*, & he like an honest man stood for the truth soundly, and told them for his part he had some relation to the Bible, in whose defence he promis'd for to live and dye: In prooffe whereof, if all the hodge podge pack of Papists, Priests, and Jesuits, should muster up their strength to rayse the siege at *Basing*, they should find his words though he was a Trumpet to be no wind, and so left them.

Then they sent for the sign of the Windmill neer *Drury-lane*, he being come, the assembly told him, they

they would give a thousand rich Dollers to grind the Protestants bones to dust ; at which saying, the Miller was very dolerous, and told them for his part he was but a poore man, and tooke no great delight to see much money. Yet if your Popes-head would give him but a Parent to passe thorow Purgatory when he went to *Paddington*, because he had a handsome Hostis there, he would try what his stones could doe.

Then they cited in the signe of the Fortune, and by great chance an honest man lived there : Gentlemen, (sayes he) ever since I lov'd hap hazard I have lived at the Fortune : yet 'twas never my fortune to see such an assembly before. I never knew that Jesu-its kist open mouth'd till now, tis a good handsome woman, I wonder what she doth in a Taverne, yet fearing my company should prove a corasive instead of a candle, I'll leave you like to like, *quoth the Divell to the Collier* ; I see Papists loves bonny *Bette* as well as Beads, and so be with you.

Then they suppeaned in the signe of the Sun, but he being an Embleme of light, was unwilling to have any thing to doe with deeds of darknesse.

Then they sent an nimble footed Mercury for the signe of the Moone, but he answered, his signe discovered too much of their knavery by night, to have any thing to doe with them by day.

Then they sent sodainly for the Seven stars on *Fish-street-hill*, but he resolv'd them plainly, when
the

the Sun and Moone worshipt the Popes-head, then his Seven stars should fall downe at his feet, tell then he was loath to part with them at six and at sevens for nothing.

Then they sent for the Holy Lambe in *Lumbard-street*, but he told them, when their actions were correspondent to his character, he would very gladly associate with them; in the meane time he feared they loved Mutton too well, to care much for Lambe.

Then they cited in the signe of the Goat, and he like a Goat as he was, thrust his hornes into the Popes-head presently; but his head being harder then the others hornes, tooke off the edge of the Goats intention, and kept him under.

Then they sent for the signe of the Loose-Gowne in *Duch-lane*; Gallants, (sayes he) I deale in many Commodities now and then; and tis true, I doe tell lyes, I could not live else. I sometimes sell new swords with their hilts loose, and old bookes with their leaves loose. Sometimes I chop for breeches with their buttons loose and bodyes with their laces loose. I must confesse my signe hangs loose and not to lye; in truth I a loose liver, yet if he spoke any thing that was amisse, he desired the Popes-head to pardon him for he had bin drinking.

Then they sent for the signe of the Black-moore in the *Strand*, and he answered like a calves-head, no one should cleave him from the Popes-head; and though

though he knew not very well what Religion he was of; yet he knew for a certaine that he came of the race of the *Babylonians*, and spoke Spanish naturally.

Then they sent for the Golden Grasshopper hard by, and he told them in plaine termes he scorned to hop away at the sight of a Parliament, as his neighbour *Arrundell* did, and many others to that he could name; but that he was loath to taste too much of the hop, and so grow bitter.

Then they sent for the signe of the three Cups in *Holborne*, and he gave them to understand; though he lived at the signe of three Cups, he never but once tooke a cup too many; and though it were a generall default thorow the Kingdome; yet for his part he loved *Bacchus* and *Belzebub* a like, especially when the Wine look't any thing bloody.

Then they summon'd in the signe of the Ship on the back-side of the *Exchange*, and he told them plainly, that they had done him wrong, they question how; why (sayes he) you make me bring out of *Ireland* Protestants on the hatches, and Papists in the hold, and therefore Ile hold no longer with you, and so left them.

Then they summon'd in the signe of the Bell, and he answered, though he was no Saints bell, yet he heartily lov'd the order of *Aaron*; and though sometimes his clapper went too fast, yet he loved not to fast as the Priests and Jesuits use to doe, abstaine from
Wine

Wine and follow Wenches. Yet fearing he had offended them, he pluckt three or foure pulls, turn'd himselfe over, and so left them.

Then they sent a fire-brand for the signe of the Fire-Ball in *Hounds-ditch*, and he told them, though he thought they had fire-balls enough amongst them already, yet rather then mischief should not continue flameing, hee'd roule in amongst them to.

Then they sent for the signe of the French Taylor neere the *New-Exchange*, and he told them for his part he had learn'd the French fashon long agoe, and did not doubt but with a little of little *Wills* instructions, but he should patch up a petty-coat of Papistry as well as the best of them.

Then they sent for the Signe of *St. Iohn Baptist-head* in *White-Chappell*, and he told them bleeding he had no reason to love that head that causelesse cut off his, besides he knowes, so long as *Herodias* lived, *St. Iohn* might be sent for out of prison, if it were but to send him to his grave.

Then they sent for the signe of the *Boore*, neere *Martins lane*, and hee laughing out his levity, told them he did perceive the world went all awry, and that he had no reason to set them aright, unlesse hee were underlaid with the love of great Lords: therefore seeing the world, went worse, and worse, so long as the thread of his life lasted, his signe should be at the Popes service, and himselfe to boote.

Then they summon'd in the signe of the Fox and
Goose

Goose by London-wall. Gentlemen, saies he, my fox is not so cunning, but you are as crafty, witnesse the many geese, and little coneyes, you fasting foxes have devour'd in your time: alas my fox is a foole, for had he had the wit to have leapt over the wall, hee had not had the fortune to be hang'd here, as some of you may be in time, and so left them.

Then they sent for the signe of the crooked billet in the old bailey, but he told them he should doe them but little service unless it were to make some of Bishop Bonners Bonfires, or may bee his Billet might serve to make a Croziars staffe, howsoever crooked things might serve a crooked generation, and so left them strait.

Then they summond in the signe of the *Miter*, neere Leaden-Hall street, and he having an earnest suit unto his holinesse, forgetting all holinesse, fell downe at the Popes feet, supposing, may be, that hee wore his eares there, but I must tell you, he did it out of policy, for he perceived the Pope greiv something old and therefore was in hope to raigne in pontificalibus himselfe ere long.

Then they sent for the signe of the *Wild-man* in Tower street, but he receiving his note, pray note, like one distracted, run out of his wits, and indeed laid about him like a madman, and had it not bin for a brasse and iron that stood in the chimney corner, he had beat out the Popes branes past all recovery, for which attempt of his, one of the learned lubies,
streight

straight issued forth a warrant, and sent the poore man to bed lame, without baile or mainprise.

Then they summon'd in the signe of the *Sarazens* head, neere *St. Sepulchers Church* and he, more like a *Sarazen* then a *Saint*, was haile fellow, and well met with them at first sight, but one that had a little wit asked him merrily, how his head came so big, why sayes hee, I drinke every morning next my heart, sleepe all night in the broath of ebriety, a good handfull of *Spanish evasion*, two ounces of privy conspiracy, a dram and a halfe of sweet *Parliament powder*, three grains of petty treason, with other cool hearbs of infidelity, and this he did affirme was the sole cause and then ready to burst himselfe with laughing, he sat downe very sad and pensive, and in that humor was entertained into their company.

Then they sent for the signe of *Moses* and *Aaron*, but the chirping chareman, whose face lookt like a fagot stick, new burnt too, calling to remembrance the golden calfe that was made at *Horeb*. desired the messenger to bring *Aaron*, and to let *Moses* alone, but word was brought they would come both or none, then they voted round the table none, but the attendant spruce *Mr. Ceremony* said hee would wait upon them, and doe them the best service that hee could.

Then they sent for the signe of the *Mouth* without *Bishops-gate*, and when hee came hee had not a word to speake, at which one of the patient Pre-

lates

lates seem'd to be very angry, and asked him lovingly, if he had lost his tongue, to which he silently replied, not a monke amongst them all should make a mouth of him, at last, tasting of their knavery, in great distaste left them, and went to his owne quarters halfe a mile off.

Then they called in the signe of the maiden head, neere *Pater noster* row, & was very earnest with her to have her waite upon the whore of *Babylon*, but she told them, though there were some ungodly women lived in gracious street, shee was loath to bee of the number, and so modestly forsooke them.

Then they summon'd in signe of *S. Lawrence* in *Barbican*, but desired him to leave his Gride-Iron behind him : for (say they) we are very busie in our Convocation, and have no time to eat broyld meat as yet ; yet if they had a pottenger of Protestants blood, and a sawcer or two of poore Orphans and Widdow teares in *Ireland*, strew'd something thick, with the pepper of impiety ; when they had done, they would see if they could pick a bone.

And lastly, they sent for the signe of the Red-Crosse in *Knight Rider-street*, and he came posting in ready to breake his neck for hast, not so much to tender his submissive service to him, as to tell him he was greatly wrong'd, and told the Popes-head if he did not seeke some meanes speedily to redresse him, both he and his posterity were utterly undone.

The Popes-head answered him in few words that
may

may be, for a while the Crosse might hang a little
 discontent, but upon the word of a Pope, if ere he
 fell totally to the ground he would fall with him: y
 yet the rest of the signes fearing the worst, desired a
 Cessation of Armes tell they saw which side got the
 better, and then they promised really, to declare
 themselves either for the Popes head, or for the Bi-
 ble upon their oaths; the next Intelligence that
 comes over, from the over-reaching, rayling, and
 reviling *Aulicus*, you shall heare more in the in-
 trim:

I remaine yours in what I may

E. F.

FINIS.
